

Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



THE WARS THAT NEVER COME.

We've been watching matters sadly and noted, too, with tears,
That of wars we've wanted badly there is n't one appears;
Ah! not one, though wished for madly for over thirty years,
Despite the din and clamor of the Jingos!

When this cruel peace is over and the Jingos have their day,
We shall all be then in clover, for the guns will blaze away;
When there'll be no cautious Grever, and a war without delay
Will make life worth the living for the Jingos!

PUCK



BALLADE OF OLD SONGS.

TELL ME where, in what land of shade,
Echo the strains of the songs once sung
By young and old, by man and maid
In childish treble, by lisping tongue,
By singers great, where spellbound hung
The throng. The tunes that once were played
By organ men both far and near,
Nor stayed nor stopped till coin they'd wrung—
Where are the songs of yester year?

Where is "Emma" we sung with "Whoa!"—
That soaring tune, "The Golden Stairs,"
Or "Annie Rooney" loved by you.
"Sweet Violets" and "Maided sin?"
No one remembers now nor care;
"Marguerite" they no longer know,
"Peek-a-Boo" is forgot, I fear,
"White Wings," too. It is better so—
Where are the songs of yester year?

ENVOI.

Prince, they are gone. Yet still allow
One hope is left us full of cheer:
Songs as bad we are singing now
Will soon be the songs of yester year.

Roy L. McCandell.

HAD FIGURED IT OUT.

TEACHER.—For what wise purpose was the goose created with a web foot?

DICK HICKS.—Soze he could stand on one leg.



A NATURAL RESULT.

BARBER (*insinuatingly*).—Your hair is getting very thin, sir.
GRIMSHAW.—Yes; I treated it for two weeks with anti-fat, under the impression it was hair restorer.



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AN ANSWER FOR THE INQUISITIVE.

INQUISITIVE PARTY (*twisting to show off*).—What are you going to do with those wild flowers, dirty little boy?
THE DIRTY LITTLE BOY.—Take 'em home an' tame 'em! what ye think?

DRY MEASURE.

FIRST TRAMP.—Takes two pints to make a quart, does n't it?

SECOND TRAMP.—Yes; an' it takes four kegs to make a pint.

A BLOW AT THE RESTAURANT.

STATION MASTER.—I think some one will get into trouble on account of that train starting three minutes late.

ASSISTANT.—Why? Any of the passengers kicking?

STATION MASTER.—No; but the restaurant man swears he'll make it hot for whoever is responsible.



A SCHEMER.

HANGOUT.—I want a clock I can depend on.

DEALER.—Eight-day clock?

HANGOUT.—Naw; give me one warranted to run down at 11 P. M.

DISCONTENT is the mother of progress, but she has other children of whom she has less reason to be proud.



HARDLY AS MUCH AS THAT.

KITTY.—She is n't pretty, but she knows *everything*!
TOM.—Does she know she is n't pretty?

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A DANDY.

"**H**AT OFFICE-BOY of ours is a dandy!" enthusiastically exclaimed the able editor of the Hawville *Clarion*.

"How do you make that out?" inquired Dr. Slade, to whom he had spoken. "He always impressed me as being a thick-headed, unmanly young cub."

"Cub!" ejaculated the able editor. "He may be a cub, but he has an understanding of the ethics and exigencies of journalism truly phenomenal in one of his age. Why, sir, yesterday afternoon, when a stranger dropped in, and, finding us absent, said that his business was of no particular importance, as he had simply called to pay his subscription and could just as well step in the next time he came to town, that blessed boy, with a perspicacity worthy of a statesman, jerked our revolver out of the desk and held up the visitor with it, at the same time shouting from the open window a request for any of our friends within hearing to rush off and bring us to the office on a matter of life and death. When we arrived, twenty minutes later, the lad was still holding the stranger at bay at the muzzle of our revolver. Cub? That boy is but little lower than the angels!"

THE NINETY-AND-NINE are freely paid,
When a hundred are not. 'T is strange,
But nothing will catch a woman's eye
Like a price with uneven change.

THE MAN who is willing to confess a weakness generally does so to conceal a greater one.

IN THE lexicon of youth there is a word which rhymes with fail—*whale*.

LOVE WILL find the way, even if it happens to be the installment plan.

ONE OF the hardest tasks of civilization is to civilize some of its own products.



SLOW ABOUT IT.

TOURIST (in New England village).—So that's the oldest inhabitant?
One hundred and four years old! No wonder you're proud of him.

NATIVE.—I dunno; he hain't done nothin' in this here place 'cept grow old, an' it's took him a sight o' time to do that!

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THE STRANGER'S STORY.

1IT WAS the regular Friday evening meeting of the Liars' Club. He had drifted in, a perfect stranger to all, but on the principle that you don't know how much a man can lie until you hear him talk, he was soon getting away with a glass of hot punch.

"Apropos of nothing in particular, the queerest ride I ever had was in the Winter of '82 at Plain City, South Dakota," said the stranger, setting down his glass and smacking his lips.

"Give it to us," said the Presiding Liar, pleasantly.

"Well, it was a warmish day in January. It had been raining steadily for thirty-six hours, and the ground was so thoroughly soaked that the water was beginning to stand where it fell. Suddenly the temperature began to go down, a brisk wind sprang up, a black cloud was seen to the northward, and in another instant a veritable cascade of water — at least ten miles across and falling at an angle of 45° — struck the earth.

It had barely connected clouds and *terra firma*, when the mercury dropped to 40° below zero and hung out of the bottom of the thermometer like a motionless pendulum. I never saw quicksilver freeze so hard. The next instant, the cloud burst, for of course that's what it was, had frozen solid."

The club members nodded their heads approvingly and filled up the stranger's glass. He emptied it immediately and went on:

"I calculate that it was at least five miles from the frozen cloud from which the water fell to the earth, and a prettier sight you never saw, for the sun had come out simultaneously with the fall of the mercury and — but that has nothing to do with the story. There was a circus in Winter quarters at Plain City, and among the attractions was a balloon in which Professor Zenio made daily ascensions during the season. In a few minutes we saw the balloon begin to inflate, and presently Zenio came running up and said: 'Boys, if you want to take the ride of a lifetime, somebody lend me a toboggan and we'll take it up in the balloon to the head of the water spout, or whatever the confounded thing is, and we'll come down a-flying on the toboggan.' I owned a toboggan, and soon had it on the spot; and it did n't take long, the balloon now being inflated, to form a carriage load for the ascent. It consisted of the Professor, the pastor of the local church, myself, and a young lady who had arrived a few minutes before from the East. She was to be a teacher in the Plain City Girl's Seminary, although she was a pretty country girl, herself. The Professor collected fifty cents all round for the ride, and then I collected a dollar-fifty from the Professor for the use of my toboggan, and we were ready to start. The toboggan was fastened underneath the basket of the balloon. The order to cut the rope was given and we shot up with that feeling that all that's left of you is your head, legs and vest.

"On the way up, I happened to glance at the pretty young schoolmarm, and immediately fell in love with her. She returned my glance, reciprocated the tender passion and, as everything was sudden that day, we joined hands and turned to the parson, who made us one, just as the Professor shouted: 'All out! Last stop!'

"It was no easy matter to get the toboggan upon the ice, but we managed it finally, and then the Professor let the gas out of the balloon and she slid to the ground. We all seated ourselves on the toboggan; the Professor pushed away from the cloud, and we shot off at a speed that made breathing difficult. I held my wife's hand and told her that my love showed no signs of diminishing, and we settled back to enjoy our wedding-trip. The mile-stones shot by us like the teeth of a fine tooth comb."

"Mile-stones?" shouted the whole club in chorus. "I beg your pardon; I was thinking of another experience of mine when I rode on a runaway engine that had got in the track of a cyclone. Well, we reached *terra firma* in just one minute, twenty-two and three-quarters seconds."

"How did you get it down so fine?" asked one of the Ananias.

"The parson was president of the Plain City Trotting Association and had his stop watch with him."

"Not a very long bridal-trip," said another.

"Oh, that was only the beginning of it!" said the stranger quietly. I told you it had rained for thirty-six hours steadily, and the cold snap had coated the whole earth with a glare of ice, and we kept right along mile



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NO HARM INTENDED.

PASTOR.—It would surprise you to know how much counterfeit money we receive in the contribution boxes in the course of a year.

THOUGHTLESS FRIEND.—I suppose so. How do you manage to work it all off?

after mile on reaching the ground. In an hour or so, the Professor and parson, after wishing us Godspeed, dropped off in order to catch an express that would get them home by evening of the next day. You see, we'd kept pretty near top speed and were going at least two miles a minute. I wore the toe of my boot out, steering out of the way of things. Toward evening one of those changes, so common in South Dakota, took place; the thermometer went up to 80°, and in five minutes we were in the midst of a rushing river. The water-spout had melted again."

"What did you do, then?" asked the Presiding Liar, in an expectant tone of voice.

"Why, of course we took things as they came, it being our wedding journey. We preferred tobogganing; but then, boating with the woman you love is delightful, and the moon came out, and we floated along, just as happy as a couple of children, and with no more responsibilities. And, as it was three days before the water subsided enough for us to effect a landing, we had time to get somewhat acquainted. I found my wife a charming girl."

"What did you do for food?" asked a prosaic member.

"Why, a bake shop that had been carried off by the freshet, floated by us and we made it fast to our toboggan and feasted on wedding cake."

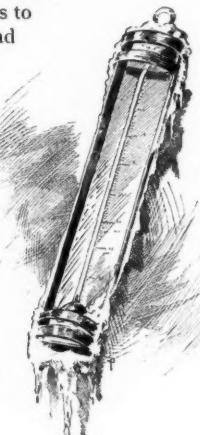
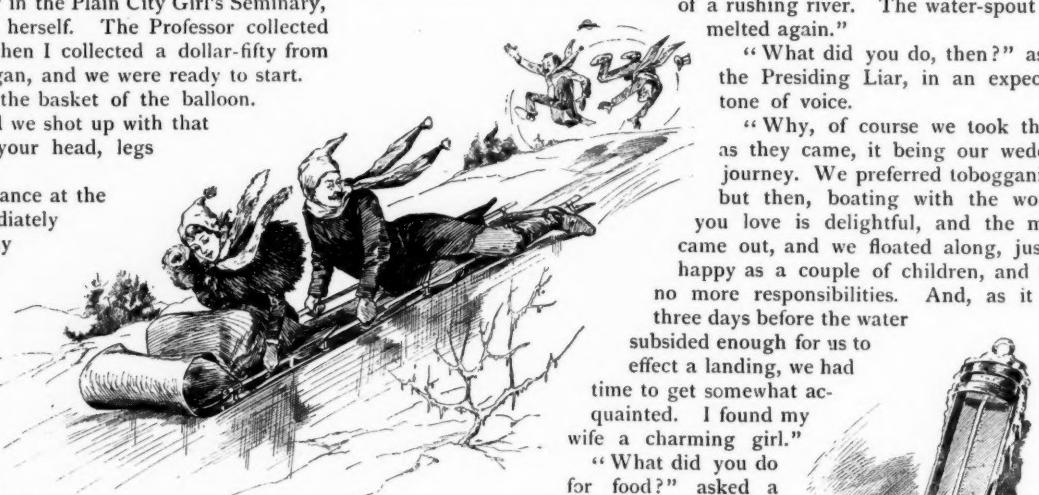
Here he was seized by the entire club, who lifted him on their shoulders and rode him in triumph around the room, and then unanimously elected him a life member without dues and with full privileges.

Charles Battell Loomis.

A GOOD START.

RITTENHOUSE PENN.—I came from Philadelphia, hoping to improve my condition, but I have not succeeded as yet.

MANHATTAN STUYVESANT.—Why, being here is an improvement!



PUCK.



HE FEARED THERE WAS NOTHING TO FEAR.

MRS. FULLER (*sneeringly, as a mouse dashes across the room*).—Why, you are all in a cold perspiration! I thought you were not afraid of a mouse?

MR. FULLER (*as he recovers from the nervous shock*).—Why—er—my dear—I—er—I was afraid it was *n't* a mouse!

THE SPREADING MOVEMENT.

MR. SHANGHAI.—Am I to understand, my dear, that you do not intend to set this year?

MRS. SHANGHAI.—That is it, exactly! If you want any setting done around here you can do it yourself. I have joined the Hen's Advanced Club, and we have firmly determined to let the males take their share of domestic cares.



DOING A GOOD WORK.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.—Now, boys, last Sabbath you each promised me to make some one happy every day this week. Now, Willy, how did you fulfill your promise?

WILLY (*proudly*).—I made the baby cry every day.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER (*in surprise*).—Made the baby cry? Why, what are you thinking of?

WILLY.—That's right! Pop says the baby is happy only when it is crying, and it was the easiest thing I could do.

PUCK.

ONE WAY.

"Undt Ikey? Vell, poor Ikey vas knogked ouldt. He neffer efen moof at der gall off time."

"Dey should haff galled 'spot gash' at him."

EXCESSIVELY VISIBLE.

"That diminutive Miss Smallmouth never says a word. She seems to act on the adage that 'little girls may be seen but not heard.'"

"To judge from the cut of her gown she is disposed to take full advantage of all the liberty the adage allows."

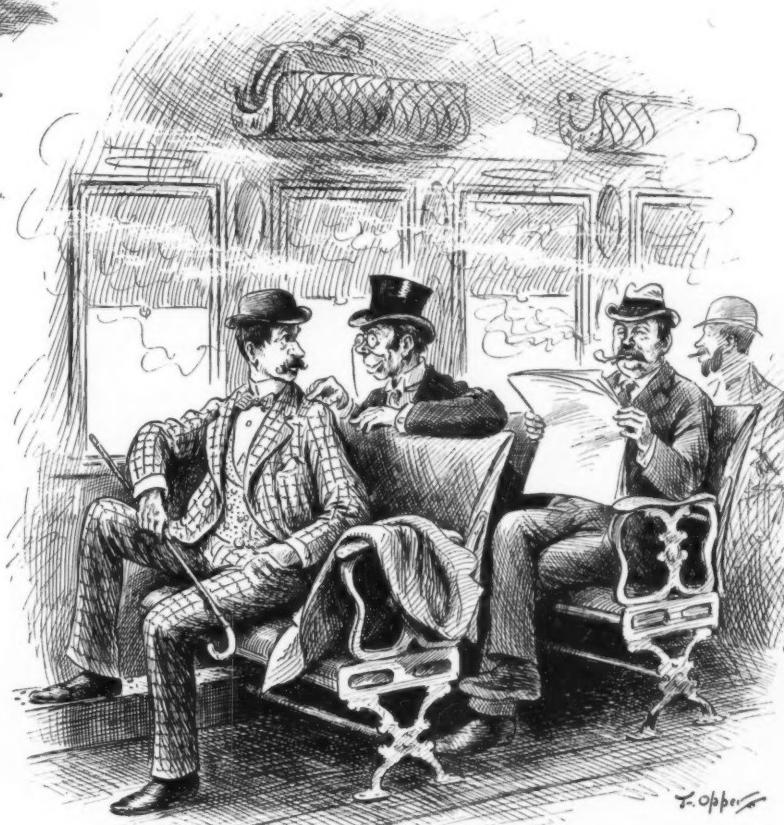


FIRST AMERICAN.—So you got a divorce from the duke! Any alimony?

SECOND AMERICAN.—No; — rebate.

A "CHECK ON PUBLICATION"—The Editor.

SOME PEOPLE put the best foot forward with so much vigor that they land on their backs.



A NEW WAY.

SUBBUBS.—Got a cigarette, old man?

HOWSON LOTT.—Sorry, but I'm all out; I was just going to ask you for one.

SUBBUBS.—I left a boxful at home—I'm trying to stop smoking.

NO BASIS FOR AN OPINION.

FIRST CITIZEN.—I think the widening of the street will be a great public improvement, don't you?

SECOND CITIZEN.—I would n't like to say until I see what damages they intend to allow for our property.

BOUND TO GO.

SPACER.—So you are going to start an anti-monopoly paper? Do you think it will go?

DE RYTER.—Go? you bet it will go! Why, I've got old Munney-mann, head of the Food Products' Trust, as a financial backer for it!

"WHEN DOCTORS disagree," they can unite on "heart failure."

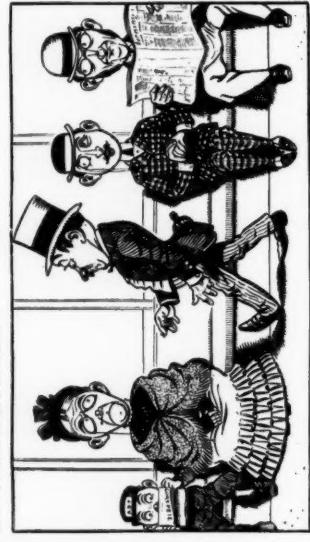
LOOKING GLASSES — Spectacles.

NICHOL.—What makes Rodey look so glum?

HASTINGS.—That sweet girl he married has commenced to ferment.

A STREET-CAR TRAGEDY.

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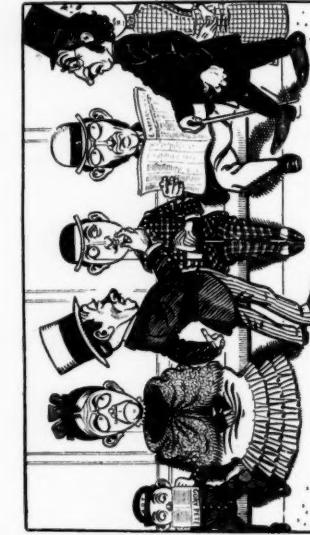
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AN IMPOSTOR.

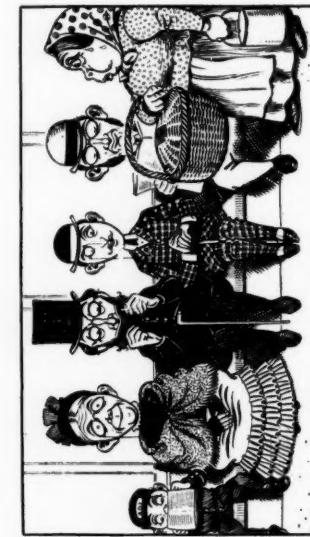
FLINT (*to MENDICANT*). — You are a fraud!

MENDICANT. — What's dat! Don't you believe I am blind?

FLINT. — Naw! Your blindness is all in your eye.



II.



III.

THE SLY DEACON. — Pa, what did the preacher mean by saying Mr. Jones was gifted in prayer?"

"That he always asks for the impossible and thus weakens nobody's faith in prayer."

SOCIAL EQUALITY will never exist so long as there are so many people below our own station.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Most of the articles and illustrations in PUCK
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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE MEN AND THE MEASURES.

THERE HAS been a good deal too much acrimonious, abusive and eminently silly talk over the merits and demerits of the rival measures which have been designed for the reorganization of the New York police force. We call the talk silly because no act of legislation that could possibly be devised for this purpose would be absolutely perfect; for the plain reason that the man does not live who can tell just what legislative action is needed to straighten out the tangle of abuses that has come out of the long operation of the vicious systems that we now seek to do away with. Any bill drawn up at this period must needs be more or less experimental; and all that New York can do is to take the best she can get at the moment, and make the most she can of it. This is only to be done by entrusting its enforcement to men who will carry out its provisions in a spirit of loyalty to the popular will, and with an eye solely to the interests of the people. And in view of the fact that we have, for the first time in the present generation, a board of Police Commissioners composed of men whose characters and abilities give every guarantee that this will be done, it seems folly to check the progress of real reform by indulging in petty altercations over the relative merits of the various plans for reorganization.

* * *

The Police Board seems to be a good one all round. It has been greatly strengthened by its choice of Mr. Roosevelt for President. PUCK has had occasion to differ with Mr. Roosevelt in the past; especially on the famous occasion when he went up on the sacrificial altar of the Republican Party — and took his friends with him. But whatever we may think of Mr. Roosevelt's somewhat too chivalrous devotion to the party of his affections, as a man and as a public official we can have for Mr. Roosevelt only the sincerest respect and admiration. He is a man whose fine intelligence is not too fine to let him be a level-headed, practical, every-day worker, who is able to do his share in carrying out the principles which he professes. He is the one only man who has made a record of positive success in the infinitely trying and ungrateful office of Civil Service Commissioner; in which capacity he has contrived to do what his colleagues and predecessors only talked about doing, and he has earned the respect and liking of his associates of both parties. With the men whom he has at his side to-day, he ought to be able to do a noble work for New York — even if the body over which he presides should possibly be called upon to piece out a partially defective system of reorganization with a few additions of common-sense and independent judgement.

IRRESPONSIBLE JOURNALISM.

NEWSPAPER MORALITY is a strange, weird thing. A daily newspaper will unblushingly exhibit a lack of moral principle to which any one of its editors or publishers would be loath to confess. Because an editor has the kingly privilege of referring to himself as "we" he seems to feel that he is freed from all moral responsibility for his utterances. And right royally does he revel in this freedom. Masquerading as a large number of thoughtful and brainy gentlemen, he is ever ready to advocate a quarrelsome, blustering attitude toward people abroad, and an easy surrender to a political ring at home. If he were obliged to say "I" instead of "we," he would undoubtedly be more temperate and more just. As it is, he feels that he is putting the responsibility for his bluster and lack of principle upon the shoulders of the imaginary beings that go with him to make up the "we." It is this editorial fiction that is to blame for the Jingoism that has blighted the pages of so many daily newspapers of late. To this use of the first person, plural, is due the fact that "Americanism" as so many daily papers now use the term, means bluster and brag and buncombe. This is why the word "Patriot," as the Jingo editor has come to use it, has "blatherskite" for its precise equivalent. To this enlargement of the editorial identity is also due the present attitude of many of the daily papers of New York toward municipal reform. Hardly one individual editor, we think, would declare over his own signature that the men who are striving for honest city government are all idiots or knaves. Hardly one of them would assert personally that this city can be capably governed only by thieves and blackmailers. Yet, throughout our agitation for better city government, there has been but one daily newspaper in New York that has fought consistently, ably and aggressively for the cause. The best of its contemporaries have either deserted with obvious malice, or have been

led away through a stupid devotion to the god of Partisanship. As a result, this paper is unpopular with its contemporaries. It excites the indignation of those that are decent but less able, and the ridicule of those that are able but less honest. That kind of popularity is something for an editor to be proud of. In addition to the admirable stand it has persistently taken in municipal matters, it is the one reputable daily in New York that has consistently defended the word "Americanism" from the onslaughts made upon it by the sham patriots of Congress and the press. It is the newspaper of which the people of New York of all classes, creeds and parties have the best reason to be proud. The rule seems to be in New York journalism that a daily newspaper must be either stupid or dishonest. We congratulate the *Evening Post* upon its continued success in being neither.

A SUBSTANTIAL GAIN.

PARKER.—I don't see that Li Hung Chang was able to do very much for his side.

BARKER.—Oh, yes! The Chinese will now be able to refer to it as "the late war."

DURING THE FLURRY.

FIRST BOARDER.—What is the latest quotation on beef?

SECOND BOARDER.—Four points tougher than yesterday.

IDEALIZED BY DEATH.

JOHNNY.—Pa, is there any difference between a statesman and a politician?

PA.—Yes, my son — a great difference; the statesman is dead.

WHERE NEEDED MOSTLY.

SEEDY STRANGER (*in N. Y. D. S. C.*).—Allow me, sir, to show you the greatest hand-book of the age—"The Sensible Letter Writer;" it —

CHIEF CLERK (*breaking him off*).—Oh, I'm busy! Take it to Colonel Waring.

HE WAS ON THE RIGHT SIDE.

CITY MISSIONARY (*impressively*).—My friend, beware of him, the arch enemy! He lures men weak of purpose to his bidding. He goeth forth seeking whom he may devour. Be on the side of Right. Shun him and all his works, and the fight is won!

THE PARTY ADDRESSED (*readily*).—Oh, I'm all right! I'm straight Republican, but I'm anti-Platt first, last and all the time!



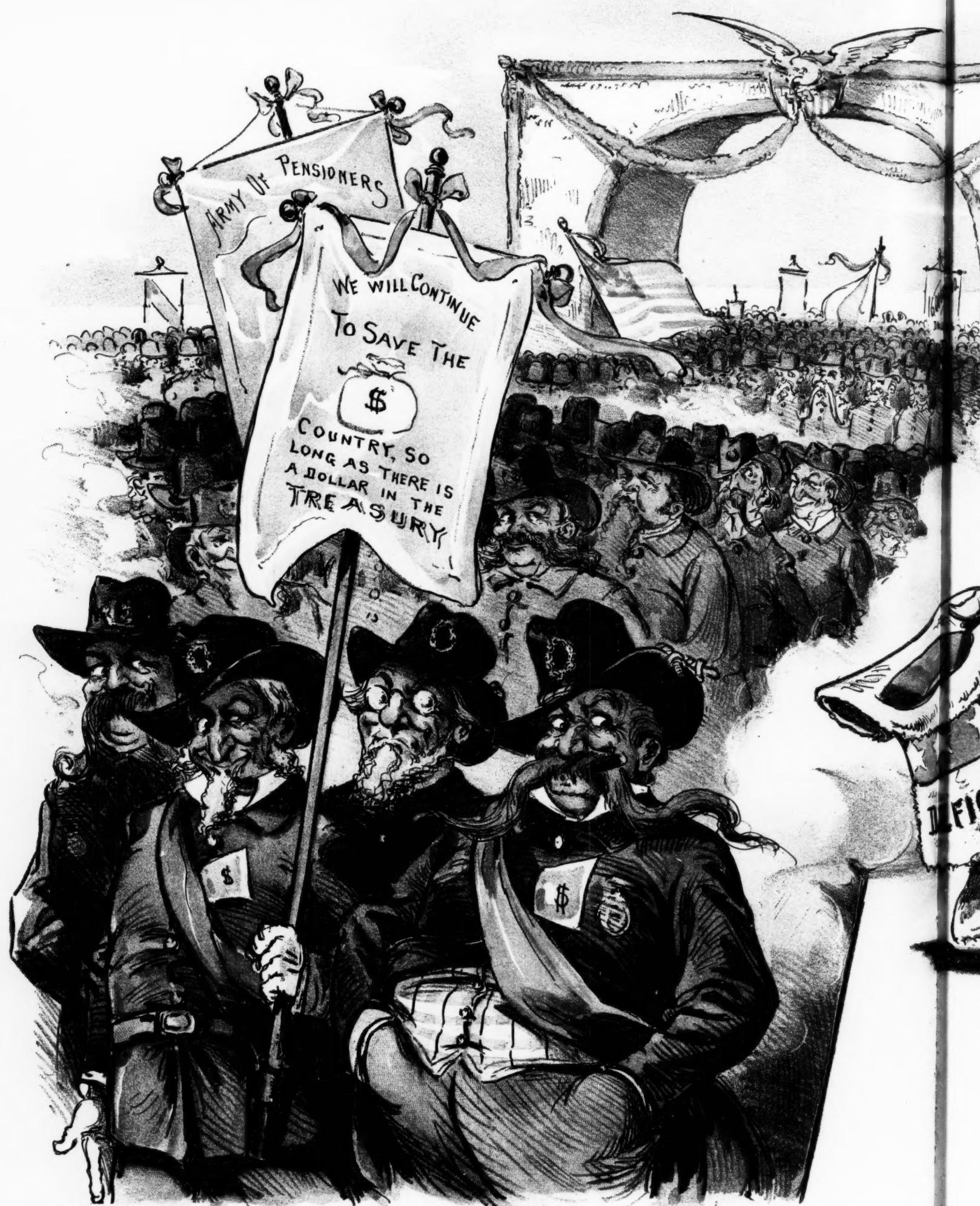
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VERY PRONOUNCED.

POPULIST.—Yes; he is our Congressman, and one of the most pronounced Silverites I know of.

STRANGER.—Sure he is consistent, are you?

POPULIST.—You bet! Why, he made his two sons learn the trade of gold-beating!



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2

PROGRESS AND POVERTY — A D

PUCK.



A DECORATION DAY STUDY.



BOTH WAYS.

UNT SINGLE.—I've known girls to marry in haste and repent at leisure.

ADA (*meaningly*).—And I've known people who never married at all and repented ever afterward.

IMPORTANT.

JESS.—This clairvoyant can tell the present, past and future from a lock of my hair.

BESS.—I should think she would need to have the present, past and future shades of your hair.

A TRIM FIGURE.—The Milliner's Bill.

ONE ADVANTAGE of sermons in stones is that their length depends on the listener.

TEMPORARY INSANITY is often cured by an acquittal.



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THE ONLY KIND HE KNEW.

THE DEACON.—My friend, will you not come in to our Revival to-night?

MAGAZINE READER.—No; I'm sick of this Napoleon business!

PUTTING IT DELICATELY.

FIRST THESPIAN.—Anything in the treasury?

SECOND THESPIAN.—Guess not; I asked the manager, and he said he was afraid there would n't be a case for the Society of Psychical Research.

RIVALS.

CARRY.—Were you surprised to hear of our engagement?

LENA.—Yes; how did he happen to propose to you?

THERE ARE two sides to every question, and the man on the inside gets the best of it.



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“WARRANTED TO KEEP”—A Jailer.

THOSE WHO would travel the road to success must waste no time picking berries along the fence-corners.



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A NEW TERROR IMPENDING.

We can keep book agents and insurance fiends out of our homes and offices; but what are we going to do if they take to the wheel?

HIS LAST RESORT.

TWYNN.—Poor Lejjer has lost his situation as bookkeeper on account of inefficiency.

TRIPLETT.—What will he do now?

TWYNN.—He is thinking of establishing a commercial college.

THE PEOPLE who make money go the furthest are usually those who will hardly let it go at all.

THE SWEET girl graduate will shortly
Her chrysalis burst through,
And then we'll see a woman who
Is really, truly new.



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NOT LAUDATORY.

MRS. HIRAM DALY.—And have you any references?

APPLICANT.—No, Mum! Oi tored 'em up.

MRS. HIRAM DALY (*in surprise*).—Tore them up? How foolish!

APPLICANT.—Yez wud n't think so, Mum, if yez had seen 'em!

A Pint of Food

Now a real tonic is something to build you up, give you strength—not fictitious strength—but real strength. The world has lived on grains since the world began, and "bread is the staff of life." Bread is a support, but you can't lean on drugs and an empty stomach. A concentrated extract the very essence of that most invigorating grain, barley, with the soothing, gentle, somnolent, and wholly benevolent extract of hops, forms a true Tonic,—one that is a food. Food alone gives real strength. Ours is this kind. Barley for the body, hops for the nerves, the mind. There is a substance to it; it is vivifying, life-producing, gives vim and bounce—it braces. It is not merely a temporary exciting agent, either—it cures. Pabst Malt Extract is a builder,—feeds blood, brain and bone. It will quiet the nerves, give sleep, drive out dyspepsia, and for a nursing mother it is salvation for her self and baby. Add The "Best" Tonic to your regular food daily—a pint bottle is quite enough and you will be astounded at the results in two weeks.

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C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St. Chicago.

PUCK'S PAINTING-BOOK 50 Cents.

NOT ALL ICE.
RURAL ADORER (bashfully).—You didn't go to Millie Meadow's party. Don't you like kissin' games?

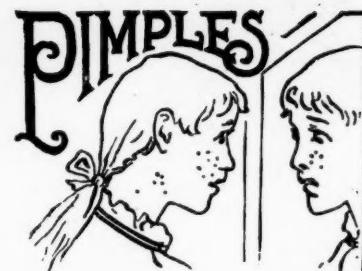
PRETTY MAID.—No; I don't.
RURAL ADORER (weakly).—Why don't you?

PRETTY MAID (encouragingly).—Cause there's so many lookin' on.—*N.Y. Weekly*.

BOKE'S BITTERS, a specific against Dyspepsia, an appetizer and a delicacy in drinks.

MR. NUOCOMER.—I found a china collar-button in the hash this morning, and—

LANDLADY.—Nora, bring a gold-plated button for Mr. Nucomer; remember, he is on the second floor.—*Inter Ocean*.



AMERICAN INVENTORS.

LITTLE BOY.—Papa, what is an inventor?

PAPA.—He is a man who invents something that everybody else manufactures, and then spends all his money trying to stop them.

Street & Smith's Good News.

"Did you hear of Nocash's most generous offer to the town of Littleton?"

"No; what was it?"

"He offers to give the town \$500,000 for a free library if the citizens will raise a similar amount."

"But Nocash is not worth \$500,000."

"Neither are the citizens of Littleton."
—Norristown Herald.

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A PUZZLE IN PIPES.—I.

Why does HERR LONGBEIN smoke a pipe like this?—

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AND
SMOKE**

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ANTI-NERVOUS
ANTI-DYSPEPTIC



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"Poor Li Hung Chang!" she gently sighed; "His lot was hard, they say. He had to purchase peace, and could not wait for bargain day." —*Washington Star.*

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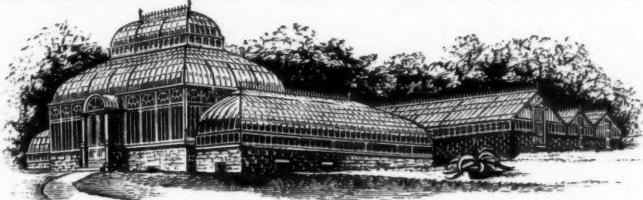
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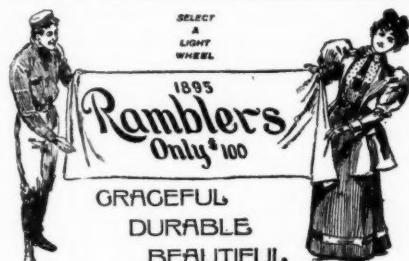
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ARRIVED TOO EARLY.

FIRST CHORE BOY (early morning).—Guess we had better begin sweepin' out.

SECOND CHORE BOY.—Wot's th' use? Nobody on th' streets yet.—*New York Weekly.*



THE QUEEN OF PERFUMES.

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"Yes; you want to get out of the way pretty quick; there comes a trolley car," replied his companion, running for the sidewalk.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne is the pure juice of the grape naturally fermented. For bouquet it has on superior.

FASHIONABLE PHILANTHROPY.

ENGLISHMAN.—Why is it you Hamericans copy the Hinglish?

AMERICAN.—We are in hopes you Englishmen will see how it looks, and get disgusted with yourselves.—*N.Y. Weekly.*

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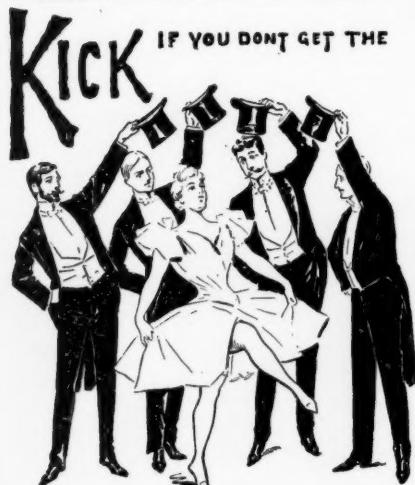
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MORE TROUBLE.—I.

THE MAN ON THE RIGHT AND THE MAN ON THE LEFT. I tell you what; us small men have to buy seats on the front row or we could n't possibly see over these women's immense hats. Now, if some nice girl would only come and sit alongside of me I'd be happy.

MOST men make up their quarrels with their wives in the way that Japan is making peace overtures to China.

—Atchison Globe.

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is Cod-liver Oil emulsified, or made easy of digestion and assimilation. To this is added the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, which aid in the digestion of the Oil and increase materially the potency of both. It is a remarkable flesh-producer. Emaciated, anaemic and consumptive persons gain flesh upon it very rapidly. The combination is a most happy one.

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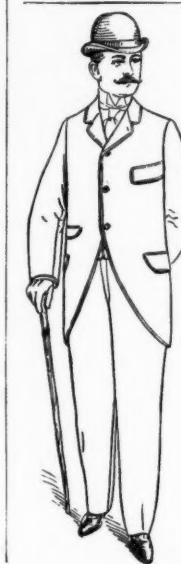
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